



THE NEW DOODLE, DOODLE, DOO.

Sung by MONSIEUR HURDY GURDY, from the BEAR-GARDEN, LONDON,

At the NEW CIRCUS, *College-Green,*

Ci devant the old Political Theatre.

1800.

RECITATIVO.

HERE we are, master Merryman, just a going to begin,
a commencing;
Shew 'em up, shew 'em up—here, my masters! hand your
pence in:
Here's none of the old humbugging to which you formerly
resorted;
The old *manager* and his *actors*, you know, have been all
transported:
Here's nothing but fun without mischief, all alive and
merry;
John Bull with his Bears, Lions, Jackalls, and wild
Hirshes from *Kerry*;
Stir 'em up with the pole—there! now gem'men, the
sports begun,
And now you shall see what you shall see, all sorts of fun.
If from your pockets we extract your pences,
We don't mean to plunder you, and insult your senses;
John Bull's come here to amuse you at cheap cost,
Because he knows your teeth and claws you've lost.

AIR, "DOODLE, DOO; PA PA PA."

I.

De Volunteer be all disbanded—
De grand Jean Bull from England landed—
De damned vild Irish he'll keep under,
And vork a de grand politique vonder.

Doodle, doodle, doo,
Pa pa pa pa.

II.

Jean Bull he have travel far and near—a,
And for his peeping he pay very dear—a;
Now to the vild Irishes, all at variance,
He come a to lend his grand experience.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

III.

Jean hate a de French, and he hate a de Spaniard—
And he bark at dem both, like de dog of de tan-yard;
Of the German, de Swifs, and the Dutch he get *tirish*,
The Scotch he despise, and detest the vild Irish.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

IV.

To fight for deir country, and grand constitution,
He boast of his Englishmen's bold resolution;
But den, Jean's so fond to monopolize all, fer,
None else must love country or freedom at all, fer.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

V.

But ven the French slave all go mad for de freedom,
Jean got in damn'd passion, and swear he vould bleed 'em;
De soupe meagre dog, dey bid him defiance,
And so my lor' Jean form de grand alliance.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

VI.

Morbleu! he call forth all his German cousin,
And so dey come round him—ma foi, a whole douzin;
He gave dem de Guinea! dey promise to fight—a,
But ven they get all—vy dey bid Jean good night—a.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

VII.

But have you no hear of his feats in Flandre,
Vere he fight for de Dutch—sacre bleu! vat a gander!
At Dunkerque de French had such damned ugly faces
Dey frighten poor Jean,—so he vin the races.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

VIII.

Les Ameriques, his old friends so trusty,
La liberte prayed—my lor' Jean he grow rusty;
Dey fight—but de Frenchman he join de Yankee,
Who got what he wanted, and no fay tankee.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

IX.

Have you not hear of his feat on de ocean?
Dere Jean of himself have a very high notion;
How his fleets dey do conquer—his guns dey do rattle!
He forget de vild Irish fight half of de battle.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

X.

So now, monsieur Paddy, I tell you von story,
Jean Bull came to give you von half of his glory;
For he so like to see dat you do vell,
If he have but von *Oyster*, he give you de *two shell*.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

XI.

He know the proud spirit of dis gallant nation
Despise trade and commerce, and such degradation;
He'll make you all gentilehommes, soldier and sailor,
You shall always be dress—and himself be your tailor.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

XII.

To keep your L'argent, he will be your grand factor,
Your laws shall be all his own manufacture;
Ven fighting his battles, to keep him from harm,
His troop he will fend to take care of your farm.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

XIII.

Morbleu! monsieur Patt, den how happy you'll be, fer!
You'll have all the honneur—Jean only de fees, fer;
Your wolf-dog he'll tame, and your cat he will geld—a,
And your damn'd noisy patriot in durance be held—a.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

XIV.

From your head to your heels you will feel his protection,
He vill introduce you to such grand connection;
De Russian, de Prussian, de Turc and d' Egyptian,
For vich he give you leave to pay your subscription.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

XV.

So now, my good friend, I pray keep up de spirit,
Of la necessite you must make de grand merit;
To have a grand change you long have desire—a,
But you leap from de frying pan into the fire—a.

Noodle, noodle, noo,
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!